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THE  
*LADY'S*  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MAY 1812.

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MEMOIRS OF MRS. BROOKE.

FRANCES BROOKE was the daughter of a clergyman named Moore, and wife of the Reverend John Brooke, rector of Colney, in Norfolk, and St. Augustine's, in the city of Norwich, and chaplain to the garrison at Quebec. This lady was no less admired for gentleness and sweetness of manners, than for the various talents she possessed: she was respected and adored by her husband, beloved by her friends, and esteemed by the public. Her first literary performance was entitled the *Old Maid: Dr. Drake*, to whose elegant pen and industrious research we are indebted for *Essays on the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, &c.* makes the following mention of this work.—“The *Old Maid*, a periodical paper of some merit, began its career on Saturday, November the 15th. 1755, and was continued weekly to July the 24th. 1756, on which day it was closed with No. 37. My copy, which is termed a *new edition*, revised and corrected by the editor, who assumes the name of Mary Singleton, spinster, was printed in the year 1764, and has the following advertisement immediately after the title page.—Many friends have repeatedly desired that the paper called the *Old Maid* might be collected into

a volume, and published for the use of the public: the editor has endeavoured to make it correct: the papers marked L. C. were written by a late nobleman, well known in the literary world, who marked and corrected them himself for this purpose; those signed B. are written by the editor; and the rest by gentlemen whose names she is not at liberty to publish.' " Dr. Drake concludes his critique by saying, " that the *Old Maid* is conducted with spirit and vivacity, her character well supported, and the work diversified by papers of criticism, narrative, and humour."—*Vide Essays, Vol. II.* The work was published in one Vol. 12mo.

In July 1756, Mrs. Brooke published *Virginia*, a tragedy, with odes, pastorals, and translations, in 8vo. Of this play, Mr. Reed, who probably saw it, says, " Although this play is written by a lady, it is far from being devoid of merit."

In 1763, a novel, entitled the *History of Lady Julia Mandeville*, was given to the public: it was read with general approbation, although not without a wish that the catastrophe had been less melancholy, it being impossible, says a fair authoress, to read it without tears. The same year she published *Letters from Juliet (Lady Catesby)* to her friend Lady Henrietta Campley, 12mo. a translation from the French. She soon after accompanied her husband to Canada, and there witnessed those romantic scenes which are so admirably described in her *History of Emily Montague*, 4 vols. 12mo. 1769. In the following year appeared *Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forlaix*, 4 vols. 12mo. Soon after her return from Canada, she formed an intimate acquaintance with the celebrated Mrs. Yates, whose public and private character justly entitled her to regard; and she had, as some have said, a share with this lady in the Opera House. As Mr. Garrick had rejected her first play, which was the tragedy of *Virginia*, she made a second attempt to obtain his favour, but without success. This conduct, on the part of the manager, excited her resentment, which she expressed with a severity afterwards lamented and retracted, in a novel called the *Excursion*, published in 2 vols. 12mo. 1767.

Her *Siege of Sinope* was acted at Covent Garden in 1781, and was evidently written for the purpose of giving a conspicuous character to her friend Mrs. Yates; and it met with temporary approbation, probably from the support that it received from the theatrical talents of that Lady and Mr. Henderson. But her most popular performance was *Rosina*: the simplicity of the story, the elegance of the language, and the excellence of the music, have justly rendered it a stock piece at the theatres. This comic opera was presented to Mr. Harris in 1783: it is founded on the *Palemon and Lavinia* of Thomson, or the *Boaz and Ruth* of the Scriptures; and, notwithstanding its wanting the grace of novelty, and the pleasure of surprise, which must always be the case with popular and well known circumstances, it was performed with great applause. "The music by Shield," said a cotemporary author, "is charming, and can never fail of attracting attention: of all the *petites* pieces that are exhibited on the British stage, *Rosina* is perhaps the least offensive to the severe moralist; even Jeremy Collier, had he lived, might have witnessed its exhibition, as it corrects the mind, while it pleases the senses."

Her last work was *Marian*, which appeared in 1788, and was acted with some success at Covent Garden Theatre, although much inferior to her *Rosina*.

She was the translator of the Abbé Millot's *Elements of the History of England*, from the invasion of the Romans, to the reign of George the Second. In 4 vols. 12mo.

The domestic happiness which subsisted between Mrs. Brooke and her husband was of the most tender and lasting kind, and, when death put a period to his existence, she survived his loss only a few days; he expired on the 21st. and this amiable woman lingered only until the 26th. Her death, which happened at Sleaford in Lincolnshire, at the house of her son, who had preferment in that county, was caused by a spasmodic complaint: she died in September, 1789, esteemed by Dr. Johnson, valued by Miss Seward, and deeply regretted by all who knew her.

## DON AVARANCHES,

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

DON AVARANCHES DE CUNEGA was a nobleman, possessed of all the *fierté* of his ancestors, and he united with it many great and good qualities; but these qualities, left to themselves, unshackled by moderation, or softened by education, assumed at times the most terrific forms, even in defiance of the threats of his holy confessor, and disdained all attempts at restraint: thus, though he was brave, benevolent, and susceptible of kindness, yet these virtues often degenerated into cruelty, extravagance, and revenge.

He was united to the beautiful Hyacintha, only daughter of Don Hidalgo de Cineros, and he doated on her to distraction: her personal charms were great, her complexion, though approaching the olive, was clear, her eyes were black and piercing, and her shape finely turned; but, with all these exterior charms, her mind was vacant; her education boasted no other finish than is common with the ladies of Spain; a few sonnets of Lope de Vega, or of Camoens, constituted her literary attainments, and such airs as Spanish women play on their *mandalin*: these were the only resources which so beautiful a person had to beguile the moments of domesticity, except her beads, and this employment filled up the remainder of that time not required by sleep.

"Ere the feast of St. Mark, dearest Hyacintha," said Don Avaranches de Cunega, "I must leave you for nearly a whole week;" and he cast his eyes upon her, as if he would penetrate her inmost soul. "Say, will the time hang heavy on your hands? will you put up prayers for me to St. Ignatio? or will the restraint which the absence of my company will release you from, make you pass your time more congenial to your wishes?"



Don Avaranches had no right to question his wife's attachment; they had been married but a month, and a month in Spain is scarcely the commencement of a honey-moon. Donna Hyacyntha was determined to be wayward with her husband; she affected an indifference at his departure which she felt not; she declared that the time would not appear long; "for you may recollect, my Lord," continued she, "your friend, Don Raphael, returns here to-morrow, and by *your* invitation." Avaranches was jealousy itself; he was aware that although Hyacyntha had given him the preference to Don Raphael, who was his rival, yet this little insinuation, conveyed in a particular tone of voice, tended to light up a frenzy in his soul which he disdained to conceal; and he informed her, in a burst of rage, "that he had no doubt, now she had gratified her vanity in accepting his hand, that the love of conquest *might* stimulate her to actions injurious to her honour." While he said this, he was fully conscious of the insult he was offering to her; he knew that he had received such proofs of her entire love as ought to have soothed every doubt; but, in the whirl of passion, he had scared reason from her seat.

Perhaps it may be said that he deserved the provoking stimulus which had urged him on to say so much. Hyacyntha, finding herself overpowered by the violence of this suggestion, burst into tears; these tears produced from her husband softer tones, softer tones changed to tender reproaches, and these died away in mutual forgiveness. The storm had subsided, it was only thought of as one of love's fooleries; but Don Avaranches, still exerting that power which man sometimes usurps over woman, prevailed on his wife to promise that she would not see this Don Raphael, and even that no male but father Iachimo should enter the walls; and, as if her veil was now not thought sufficient to protect her from the eye of curiosity, she promised to perform her religious vows at home, and that the walls of the garden should be the extent of her promenade: she swore all this by his hand, and he made her kiss the book.

Don Avaranches was now again a happy man, their domestic quiet was restored, and Donna Hyacintha, having made a promise, without once thinking that an adherence to it might be too difficult to fulfil, fell asleep on the same Repose as her husband.

The following morning the mules were harnessed at the vestibule; Avaranches sighed an adieu, and the beautiful Hyacintha hung her head on her sister's shoulder, while she once more presented her hand to her lord: he proceeded with lingering steps, while his love remained in sight, for the house of the notary Michaeli; and, when he became a speck in the horizon, the two sisters retired slowly under the piazza.

"These five days will never pass away," said the sad Hyacintha. "Not in these dull walls, certainly," said her sister; "and as no *man* is to come near us—heigho! sister, pardon me, but your castella is even duller than the refectory of St. Clair."

Theresa de Cineras was a lively girl; she trembled at the idea of living with her violent brother in law; but her father's commands were what she dared not disobey; he had insisted upon her leaving the convent to reside with her sister; and, in order to render her situation more comfortable under the roof of two newly married people, he instilled into her mind some useful truths and proper advice, amongst which was to conduct herself alike to both parties, never to prefer one to the other, never to be umpire in their little disputes, and to conquer the prejudices of consanguinity, lest she should suppose her sister always the injured person: thus poor Theresa had nothing with which she could while away her time, and she sat, inattentive to her sister's regrets, playing with a locket that hung from her neck.

At length she recollected, on the morrow the carnival would commence; and after she had asked if she might not see this Don Raphael, and was refused, she suggested, that if they were properly disguised, *à pas de trois* or *à bolero incog.* would exhilarate their spirits, and furnish conversation

until the return of her dear cross brother. Donna Hyacintha began to relax; she wanted not much to persuade her to a frolic; she forgot all her promises, that is, she *almost* forgot them; she was visited by some compunctions, but she resolved to take Theresa's advice, and, on their return, confide them to her confessor; and then, she persuaded herself, all would be well. The restraint they had been kept under by Don Avaranches gave a zest to their spirits; they saw no difficulties in their scheme of emancipation; every objection vanished before the urgency of their desires, and the expectancy of their pleasures. Theresa disguised herself as a peasant boy of the vintage; she made for herself a tight vest of azure silk, with pink sleeves; a large Alpine hat covered her head; and her white stockings and *culottes* gave an irresistible grace to her figure. Hyacintha, attired as a village girl, was to carry flowers in a basket; a rose-coloured bod-dice, fastened by a girdle of blue leather, bound her little waist, while a petticoat of black to the mid leg, shewed a well turned ankle to advantage; her dark locks were confined by a bandeau of blue velvet, and a little mask contributed to make her incognito even to her own father; she bore on her fingers castanets, and, viewing herself in a glass, she practised a few airs necessary for the occasion. The minds of females are ever fertile in invention: the servants were old, unsuspecting, and full of apathy; they needed but to give out that they wished to be alone; they locked the inside of their door; the duenna nodded all day over her breviary, and the rest of the servants were dancing to the tune of a guitar, far from the scene of their operations. Behold, then, the marchesa and her sister, after the journey of a few leagues, in the grand square, mixing with charlatans and robbers, grandes and religieuses. Here, however, they found not the pleasure which they had hoped; a consciousness of acting wrong weighed down their spirits; they met with insults unexpected; and the nearer they journeyed home, the lighter did their spirits seem, and the merrier did their jokes become. On their return they feared detection, and this fear did not sub-

side until they gained the wood adjoining their castella. Again they availed themselves of the *treillage* of their chamber viranda, and by its assistance regained their apartment. The fatigue of their journey gave them no time to change their cloaths; the alcove of Theresa's bed presented itself; they threw themselves upon it, attired as they were, and forgot their frolic, their dress, and themselves.

Vexation pervaded the breast of Don Avaranches de Cunega on finding his journey of no avail; the deeds which he was to sign at the notary, Michaeli's, were not prepared; he therefore contented himself by sending the notary, the procurator, and the whole body of alguazils, to the care of ten thousand devils, into purgatory, and then remounted his mule, cheered with the idea of again seeing his dear Hyacyntha before the expected time; but as he drew near home, his pleasure, instead of increasing, evidently diminished; he felt as if his heart's blood had vacated its seat; he was oppressed with a dreadful anticipation of some event about to crush him, and scarcely could he keep his saddle from faintness; he breathed with so much difficulty that he was obliged to catch the branch of a tree to keep him from falling; his servants had gone before, and no one appeared to render him assistance: when he was somewhat recovered, he crossed himself twice, and recommending his welfare to St. Ignatius, hastened the pace of his mule. On drawing near his castella, he heard a rustling of leaves; he cast his eyes towards a turret, and perceived the figure of a man, not entering, for he had now entered the window of that chamber in which, in his absence, he knew that his wife and her sister reposed. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed, "what is this I see?" A thick film swam before his eyes, and checked the rising passion which would have impelled him forward. The moon, to his cheated sight, driven by the velocity of numerous small clouds, lent but uncertain light, yet it gave the distracted Don Avaranches sufficient assistance to make him acquainted with his infamy.

On going to the viranda, which his faintness for some



time prevented, and entering the room, his foot struck the hat of a man; he rushed forward, and perceived his wife caressing a young peasant in her arms; the noise Avaranches made awoke her; she uttered a cry of surprise, which he construes for one of guilt; "This is no time for an injured husband to pause;" his dagger is out, and, ere his arm can be arrested, three times does he embrue it in the blood of consanguinity.

The noise brought the innocent Raphael, who had just arrived, to their assistance, and, bursting open the door, he appeared, alas! too late to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. The beautiful Hyacintha was a corpse, while the wounded Theresa, more to be pitied than even her sister, lived to tell the tale of their imprudence; to bewail, with long regret, the cause; and to endeavour, by every means in her power, to restore the lost Cunega from delirium to sanity. For many years mania racked his weary frame; for many years the unhappy Theresa watered the tomb of a sister with her tears; she then followed Don Avaranches to the silent grave, leaving this aphorism behind: "Consider of the consequences before you make a promise; but, when you have made one, let no earthly consideration prevent your fulfilling it."

C.

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#### PRAYER OF A TYRANT.

A tyrant demanded of a Turkish priest, what was the best prayer. "The best prayer for you," replied the dervish, "is to sleep for half the day;—your subjects will at least be able to breathe during your sleep.—*Cujuscumque somnus vigiliis præstat, &c.* There are men whom it is better to see asleep than awake. This fable has great sense; it immediately recalls those unquiet, agitated, ardent, busy minds, whose desires tend to mischief, and who would be a public injury, if Providence had placed them in a more elevated sphere.

## OLIO.

NO. II.

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“ A thing of shreds and patches.”

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WHEN Sir William Jones wished to have the honour of waiting on Voltaire, the philosopher, he sent him the following answer: “ The worst of French poets and philosophers is almost dying; age and sickness have brought him to his last day; he can converse with nobody, and entreats Mr. Jones to excuse and pity him. He presents Mr. Jones with his humble respects.” Was the former part of Voltaire’s note dictated by an affected humility? or, as Sir W. says, “ I am inclined to think Voltaire begins to be rather serious when he finds himself on the brink of eternity, and that he refuses to see company because he cannot *display* his former wit and sprightliness.”

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DURING the dreadful accident occasioned by the splendid fireworks in France, in the year 1770, where upwards of one hundred and thirty people were killed, many of the nobility being crushed to death in their carriages; the Mareschal de Richlieu displayed a little stroke of French courage; he was seized with such a panic, that he got out of his *carosse*, screaming out, “ *Est-ce qu’on veut laisser perir un Mareschal de France ? N’y a-t-il personne pour secourir un Mareschal de France ?*”

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DIDEROT, who was one of the gang of conspirators against the Christian religion, thus wrote to Wilkes: “ Be cheerful, drink the best wines, keep the gayest company, and should

you be inclined to a tender passion, address yourself to such women as make the least resistance; they are as amusing and as interesting as others; we live with them without anxiety, and quit them without regret." Every one who reads this will want words to express the baseness and brutality of such sentiments. Notwithstanding this reformer of our religion and politics acknowledged himself an atheist, nay, boasted of it in his writings; yet there were moments, when this friend of Voltaire seems to have been compelled to own the voice of truth. An acquaintance found him one day explaining a chapter of the New Testament to his daughter, with the apparent seriousness of a believer. On expressing his surprise, Diderot exclaimed: "I understand your meaning; but after all, where is it possible to find better lessons for her instruction?" The devils believe and tremble. At the close of a life of impiety, he shewed signs of contrition, and even went so far as to declare an intention of publicly recanting his errors; but the barbarity of his philosophical friends interfered, and, under pretence of change of air, they secretly removed him into the country, and never left him till he expired, July 1784.

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THE opinion of the great Frederick of Prussia on hunting, was as follows:—"The chase," says he, "is one of the most sensual of pleasures, by which the powers of the body are strongly asserted, but those of the mind remain unemployed: it consists of a violent exertion of desire in the pursuit, and the indulgence of a cruel passion in the death of the game; it leaves the head without improvement. I am convinced that man is more cruel and savage than any beast of prey; we exercise the dominion given us over these our wretched fellow creatures in the most tyrannical manner.

"If we pretend to any superiority over the beasts of the field, it ought, certainly, to consist of reason; but we commonly find that the most passionate lovers of the chase renounce this privilege, and converse only with their dogs,

their horses, and other irrational animals. This renders them wild and unfeeling, and it is highly probable they cannot be very merciful to the human species; for a man, who can, in cold blood, cowardly torture a poor innocent animal, cannot feel much compassion for the distresses of his own species; and beside, can the chace be a proper employment for a thinking mind?"

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BISHOP ADHELM, who flourished in the seventh century, is reported to have worked the following miracle.--He lengthened a beam in the church, which the builder had cut too short; and hung his garment to dry in the rays of the sun, which supernaturally supported them.

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IN 1675, M. Prestet published his *Nouveaux Elemens de Mathematique*, and prefixed a dedication to God Almighty.

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"You will ask me," says Miss Seward, "if I have seen the original pictures of Petrarch and Laura; yes, I have seen them, and am almost sorry for it; so agreeable do we find the illusions of our fancy. Petrarch appears with a rusty doctor's hood, with a sanguine high fed face, a harsh eye, and I had almost said, a libidinous countenance. Laura sticks up stiff as a hedge stake, with red locks, stiff top gloves, and smelling at a scarlet poppy which she holds mincing betwixt her finger and thumb."

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A MR. H. when he first went the circuit at Litchfield, at which sessions a number of convicts were to be indicted for capital offences, and probably hung, was received by the band, playing "God save the king," after which, the trumpeters struck up "Youths, the season's made for joy."



MEREDITH, the singer, returning home from a concert, where he had made a little too free with the bottle, across a field, in which was a mischievous bull; he fell fast asleep under a hedge, and was there found by the animal, which, however, only attacked his hat that had fallen from his head, and was lying at a little distance.

Being awaked by the grumbling noise which the bull made, and thinking, at the moment, that he was still at the concert, he called out to the horned musician, whom, from his note, he took for the bassoon player, "Sound, sound your *A*, you blockhead, that's *B* flat."

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THE ladies of the Alleutian Isles (a chain of islands on the N. E. of Kamtschatka) ornament themselves with a pair of the long tusks of the boar, cut down to a smaller size, which are stuck in two holes, one on each side of the under lip, from which they project, this gives them the appearance of the Walrut, or Sea Horse; and is considered as a beauty almost irresistible.

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#### HE WHO FLATTERS THEE IS THINE ENEMY.

THE wise know the ignorant, because they have themselves been ignorant; but the ignorant know not the wise, because they have never been wise. Kings have no friends; the envious no repose; liars no confidence. Without folly, no one would distinguish wisdom. The tongue of a dumb man is of more value than that of a liar. The silence of a wise man is better than the loquacity of a fool. My heart is upon my son; my son's heart is upon a stone. Erpenius says, that this proverb is very eloquent in the Arabic language: the meaning of this metaphor is, that fathers and mothers tenderly love their children, who rarely in return repay their affection.

## ON KNIGHT ERRANTRY.

BETWEEN the age of Charlemagne and that of the crusades, the service of the infantry was degraded to the *plebeians*; the cavalry formed the strength of the armies, and the honourable name of *Miles*, a soldier, was confined to the gentlemen who served on horseback, and were invested with the character of knighthood. The dukes and counts, who had usurped the rights of sovereignty, divided the provinces among their faithful barons; the barons distributed among their vassals the fiefs of benefits of their jurisdiction, and these military tenants, the peers of each order, and of their lords, composed the noble or equestrian order, which disdained to conceive the peasant or burgher as of the same species with themselves. The dignity of their birth was preserved by pure and equal alliances; their sons alone, who could produce four quarters, or lines of ancestry, without spot or reproach, might legally pretend to the honour of knighthood; but a valiant plebeian was sometimes enriched and enrolled by the sword, and became the father of a new race. A simple knight could impart, according to his judgment, the character which he received; and the warlike sovereigns of Europe derived more glory from this personal distinction, than from the lustre of their diadems. This ceremony, of which some traces may be found in Tacitus, and the woods of Germany, was in its origin simple and profane; the candidate, after some previous trial, was invested with the sword and spurs, and his cheek or shoulder was touched with a slight blow, as an emblem of the last affront which it was lawful for him to endure. But superstition mingled in every public and private action of life; in the holy wars it sanctified the profession of arms, and the order of chivalry was assimilated in its rights and privileges to the sacred orders of priesthood. The bath and white garments of the novice were an indecent copy of the regeneration of baptism; his sword, which he offered on the

altar, was blessed by the ministers of religion; his solemn reception was preceded by fasts and vigils, and he was created a knight in the name of God, of St. George, and St. Michael the Archangel. He swore to accomplish the duties of his profession; and education, example, and the public opinion, were the inviolable guardians of his oath. As the champion of God and the *ladies*, ("I blush," says Gibbon, "to unite two such discordant names,") he devoted himself to speak the truth, and to maintain the right to protect the distressed, to practise *courtesy*, (a virtue less familiar to the ancients,) to pursue the infidels, to despise the allurements of health and safety, and to vindicate, in every perilous adventure, the honour of his character. The abuse of the same spirit provoked the illiterate knight to disdain the acts of industry and peace, to esteem himself the sole judge and avenger of his own injuries, and proudly to neglect the laws of civil society and military discipline. Yet the benefits of this institution, to refine the temper of barbarians, and to infuse some principle of faith, justice and humanity, were strongly felt, and have often been observed. The asperity of national prejudice was softened, and the community of religion and arms spread a similar color and generous emulation over the face of christendom. Abroad in enterprize and pilgrimage, at home in martial exercise, the barriers of every country were perpetually associated, and impartial taste must prefer a gothic tournament to the olympic games of classic antiquity.

The lance was the proper and peculiar weapon of the knight, his horse was of a large and heavy breed, but this charger, till he was roused by the approaching danger, was usually led by an attendant, and he quietly rode a pad or palfrey of a more easy pace. His helmet and sword, his greaves and buckler, it is needless to describe; but at the period of the crusades the armour was less ponderous than in later times, and, instead of a mossy cuirass, his breast was defended by a hauberk, or coat of mail; each knight was attended to the field by his faithful squire, a youth of equal

birth and similar hopes, he was followed by his archers and men at arms, and five or six soldiers were computed as the furniture of a complete "lance." In the expeditions to the neighbouring kingdoms, or the Holy Land, the duties of the feudal tenure no longer subsisted, the voluntary services of the knights and their followers were prompted by zeal or attachment, or purchased with rewards or promises; and the number of each squadron were measured by the power, the wealth, and the fame of each independent chieftain. They were distinguished by his banner, his armorial coat, and his cry of war; and the most ancient families of Europe must seek in these achievements the origin and proof of their nobility.

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### MYRTILL AND DAPHNE, AN IDYLL.

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(Translated from GESSNER.)  
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#### MYRTILL.

SO early abroad, dear sister; the sun has not yet emerged from behind the hill, scarcely has the swallow begun to chirp his matins, and the early cock saluted the morn, and thou art already returning from the dewy fields: for what festive preparation hast thou gathered this basket full of flowers?

#### DAPHNE.

Welcome, dearest brother, whence so early this damp morning? what has called *thee* abroad in the still hour of twilight? *I* have been gathering violets, lillies of the valley, and roses; and am going to strew them on the bed of our parents while they are yet asleep; they will awake amid fragrant perfumes, and be pleased on seeing their couch bestrewn with flowers.



MYRTILL.

Dearest sister, I do not love my life so well as I love thee ; thou knowest I do not, my beloved sister. Yesterday at sun-set, as our father cast his eyes at our hillock, on which he is wont to rest, he said, how pleasant would it be if an arbour were there which could afford us shade. I heard it, though I pretended to pay no attention to what he said, and went abroad before sun-rise, erecting an arbour on his favourite spot, and binding the shoots of the hazel bush fast to its sides ; look, dear sister, the work is completed, but betray not your knowledge of it till he himself perceives it : this day will afford us the sweetest pleasure !

DAPHNE.

Oh, brother ! how agreeably will he be surprised when he descries the arbour from afar. I now will go, and on tip-toe steal to their bed, and scatter these flowers upon it.

MYRTILL.

When they awake, inhaling the fragrant smell, they, with an affectionate smile, will look on each other, and say, Daphne has done this ; where is our dear daughter ? the best of children, she was employed to give us pleasure while we were asleep.

DAPHNE.

And when our good father perceives the arbour from the window, he will exclaim, what do I see yonder ? Do I deceive myself, an arbour on the top of my hillock ? surely my son has erected it ! God bless our child ! he sacrifices even his nocturnal repose to afford us pleasure in our old age ! *Then* brother, then will sweetest pleasure smile on us the whole day ; *for whoever begins the day with doing good succeeds in all his undertakings*, and to him every shrub produces pleasure.

M. G.

## ULLAH.

## A FRAGMENT.

"WHERE is Dirah and Monah, where is Corah, where are the children of my beloved Hamel, where are my eaglets?" cried the aged Ullah, as he sat upon the pointed rock of Cromec. "They are passed away like the fittings of the angel of hope, and their bodies lie all mouldering in the heaps of the slain; they will never present themselves to my eyesight more, never more will they bear up my withered frame, as a tall pine amid the hurricane." Thus sighed the hoary father of his children, thus lamented the bereaved of his hopes!

In vain had the sharp arrows of sleet wounded his venerable face, and in vain the flakes of snow, rivalling the whiteness of his locks, impurpled his cheeks with cold. Ullah felt them not; his beard floated on the air like the wind-beaten mists of evening, while his dark brown robe, like the fostering hand of friendship, clung closer round him at every blast. "Alas, Dirah! thou heedest not the grief of thy sire; nor thou Monah! dost thou care for his regrets; and my Corah, beloved Corah! thou knowest not how like the wounded Chamois my heart bleeds, while goaded by the arrows of affliction for thy loss."

"Was it not enough, cruel Llewellyn, that thou didst bereave me of my sons, the props of my strength; of Dirah, who bounded like the hart on the steepy crags of Urie, and of my Monah, wise as the pale bearded bard of Unna: this did not content thee; thy officers tore from me my sweetest cherub; they would have sacrificed the honour, and immolated the form of the mountain lilly, my beloved Corah; but Dirah caught the assassins, and Monah flew to rescue his sister;—they saved her from the ravishers, but the wounding and the wounded sunk in the conflict, and their swords pierced the body of my angel. Cursed be the javelins of their mighty men; may their weapons recoil upon their own bosoms;

may their arrows for ever err against their enemies, and may they feel those stings of despair which they have inflicted upon the aged Ullah."

Thus ceased his voice, while each gust of wind augmented his sorrows. He remained silent, his hands were closed in agony, but his frame bowed not to the blast that whirled around him: the life blood flowed from his heart never to return; the angel of death hovered over him, and Ullah became a corpse; his body is whitened in the sun; and the sighs of his ghost are heard by the traveller at eve, like the breathings of the air-sweeping poplar. C.

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*Inscription placed upon the Crown of a King of Asia.*

Brother, the world remains not to any of its inhabitants; the mind ought therefore to be devoted to Him who created it. Reckon not upon the goods of this world, for they have nourished and destroyed other beings like thyself. Since life is only a passage, of what consequence is it to him who is on the point of losing it, whether he dies on a throne, or on a bed of straw?

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**THE WELL FED PRIEST.**

A priest used to eat ten pounds of bread per day; after supper he began to pray, and passed the night in prayer. A wit heard of him, and said, it would be better that this man slept like others and eat less. *Vacuus sapientiâ, &c.* "When the body is too full, the head is empty."

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**USELESS MORALITY.**

A young man said to his father, "The eloquence of men who preach morality does not seduce me, because I perceive that but very few do the good which they command others to do." *Wise is the man who does well, and not he whose practice but ill accords with his precepts.*

In compliance with the wishes of several subscribers, we insert the following communication.

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*ON PAINE THE REFORMER.*

SIR,

HAVING met with a book, lately published in America, wherein the latter part of the life of Mr. Paine is detailed, and being well convinced that very few copies have reached England, I am of opinion that the last moments of so extraordinary a character, if known, may in some degree atone for the life of iniquity he led, by counteracting those pernicious doctrines he caused to be disseminated throughout the world. There are no means better calculated to give it publicity in this country, than through the pages of our magazines. The blow he aimed at our constitution fell to the ground, leaving no trace of its effects behind. The notions he propagated respecting religion (or rather his endeavour to extirpate religion from the land) I am fearful still pervade the minds of too many. Those infatuated people would do well to compare the close of his life with every other part of it; they will then have sufficient reason to renounce so delusive and uncomfortable a system. The author of the sketch of his life, Mr. Cheetham, of New York, seems to have got his intelligence from persons with whom Paine passed a great part of it. I cannot think of following our author through the whole of his life—that is pretty well known in England; better for thousands had he lived as well as died in obscurity. It appears he was soon tired of the Republic of France, though his former principles remained the same. He arrived at Baltimore on the 13th of October, 1802, in company with a woman named Madame Bonneville, whom he had seduced from her husband, and afterwards cruelly beaten. At the first Inn he went to, he was principally visited by the lower class



of emigrants from England, Scotland, and Ireland; no respectable people would suffer his approach. He drank grog in the tap-room with all; and making free with all, he was daily intoxicated: his habitual drunkenness seems to have commenced with the French Revolution. We can only here copy Mrs. Deane's statement, to say, that he was disgustingly filthy. In the spring of 1804, he returned to his farm at New Rochelle; he engaged an old woman, Black Betty, who it seems was nearly his match for drunkenness; they frequently, says our author, would lie prostrate on the same floor, quite drunk, swearing and threatening to fight, but incapable of approaching each other to combat; nothing but inability preventing a battle. Thus have I extracted a few circumstances which mark the character of the deluded man at an advanced period of life. His last moments cannot be more faithfully described than by quoting a passage from a letter written by Dr. Manley, who attended Paine during his last illness. About eleven months previous to his death, excepting the last six weeks, he was drunk twice a day. He then proceeds.—

“ During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular: he would not be left alone night nor day; he not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time, and if closed, as it sometimes would unavoidably happen, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him.

“ When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes being generally closed, and his hands folded on his breast; although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period (which comprises two weeks immediately preceding his death) particularly when we reflect that Paine was the author of the ‘Age of Reason:’ he would call out during his paroxysms of distress without intermission—‘O Lord, help me! God help me! Jesus Christ, help me! Oh Lord, help me.’ &c. &c. repeating the same expression, without the least variation, in a tone of voice

that would alarm the house. It was this conduct which induced me to think he had abandoned his former opinions, and I was more inclined to that belief, when I understood from his nurse (who is a very serious, and, I believe, a pious woman, that he would occasionally enquire, when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading, and being answered Hobart's Companion to the Altar, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would appear to give particular attention. I took occasion, during the night of the 5th or 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting the revelations. I purposely made him a very late visit; it was a time that seemed to sort exactly with my errand; it was midnight; he was in great distress, exclaiming in the words above mentioned; when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner: "Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large proportion of the community, have been treated with deference; you have never been in the habit of mixing, in your conversation, words of course; you have never indulged in *profane swearing, when in your senses*; you must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions, as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call on Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe, then, he can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come now, answer me honestly; I want an answer from the lips of a dying man; for I verily believe you will not live four and twenty hours.'

"I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim as before. Again I addressed him.—'Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them? Allow me to ask again.—Do you believe, or, let me qualify the question, do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' After a pause of some minutes, he answered, 'I have no wish to believe on that subject.' I then left him, and I know not whether he spoke to any person on any subject, though he lived till June the 9th, 1809, aged 72."

Thus we find him on his death bed calling upon that God

whose interposition he always denied; upon that Saviour whose existence he never would admit as a supernatural power; even afraid of his own shadow. The awful change he was conscious must soon take place, opened to his view that which convinced him of the reality of those things he had undertaken with such zeal to refute. The reason for his declining to answer the close questions put to him is apparent; the pride of his heart would not allow him to disclose fully and honestly that his former opinions were erroneous; the expressions alone which escaped his lips are sufficient; they speak more plainly the workings of his heart than the most solemn declarations he could have made. It may be thought by some a want of charity in me to expose the failings of a departed man: I should think so too, were it not to serve a particular purpose; to set at rest the minds of those he has disturbed; to expel the poison of infidelity from the land. In every point of view his false character appears. In England all titles were obnoxious to him; he was for levelling all distinctions. In America, before the French revolution, we find him assuming a title in an edition of the "Rights of Man;" he styles himself, "Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the Congress of the United States;" a title he had no claim to, as he was merely a copying clerk; which situation he afterwards forfeited by a scandalous breach of trust, proving that what he disliked in others, he in reality was fond of himself

T. H.

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Since the insertion of this account in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1811, I have heard many of his disciples declare the whole of the above to be false; but a mere verbal assertion is no proof of its fallacy, and this assertion rests only upon the *ipse dixit* of some man in France. Surely the statement of the doctor who attended him in his last illness, has as much right to credence as that of a man who was at a distance from the scene of action. If in the works of Paine, and I have nearly read

them all, there is one idea that can make us more wise and more happy in the adoption, I might allow him merit; but I defy his most strenuous friends to prove this in one instance. Although the fallacy of his doctrine is evident to the thinking part of mankind, yet as youth is continually starting into maturity, and eager to adopt novel and singular doctrines, I trust I may be allowed to conclude with a passage from Bishop Sherlock's Sermons, which appears to me to be applicable to the doctrines of Paine; who has, in his mischievous book, compared the coming of our Saviour with that of Mahomet, with regard to their equal probability. On this subject the good Bishop writes: "Go to your natural religion; lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword; shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth: when she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirement, shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and his wives, and let her hear him allege revelation and a divine commission to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men: let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God; carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse;—let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies; lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death; and hear his last prayer for his persecutors---"*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" When natural religion has thus viewed both, ask her which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion who attended at the cross; by him she spake, and said, "*Truly this man was the Son of God.*"



## ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. VI.

BRIDGET BENDISH,

THE daughter of Colonel Ireton, and grand-daughter to Oliver Cromwell, resembled the protector more than any of his descendants in the cast of her countenance and character; she espoused Thomas Bendish, Esq.; she, on some occasions, appeared with all the dignity of a princess, and at other times had much the appearance of a low drudge of business, being as laborious as she was intelligent in the management of her salt works: after she had harrassed herself with toil, she was careless how or where she slept, or what she eat or drank, as Charles XII. of Sweden was in the course of his campaign. Her presence of mind on no occasion forsook her, nor was she ever known to betray the smallest symptom of fear. Sometimes, after a day of drudgery, she would go to the assembly at Yarmouth, (she living at South Town,) where the greatness of her manner, and the superiority of her understanding, never failed to attract respect. She was never known to break her promise, nor in her common conversation to pay much regard to truth, as it would have been rashness to have affirmed any thing as a fact, because she said it. Her charity appeared to be a virtue of the heart as well as the hand; she exercised it in all places, and on every occasion; but the exertion of it frequently left her debts unpaid. Her piety was strongly tingured with enthusiasm. She, on emergent occasions, would retire to her closet, where, by fasting, meditation, and prayer, she would work up her spirit to a degree of rapture, and then inflexibly determine her conduct by some text of scripture that would occur to her, which she regarded as a divine revelation. She would frequently fawn, dissemble, and prevaricate, and that for low, if not sinister ends and purposes; and was indeed the jest and admiration, not only of her friends, but even of her

servants, who justly regarded her as one of the best mistresses in the world. She had the highest veneration for the memory of her grandfather, whom she revered as a consummate hero, and glorified saint: she died in the year 1727-8. This sketch is chiefly taken from her character at large by Mr. Samuel Say, a dissenting minister, who drew her from the life. There is a print of Oliver Cromwell prefixed to his life by Mr. John Kimber, which strongly resembles Mrs. Bendish.

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MRS. CLAYPOLE,

THE favourite daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was a very importunate, but an unsuccessful advocate for Dr. John Hewit, a loyalist, who was beheaded for contumacy. When she lay upon her death-bed, she upbraided him with the blood that he had spilt, and spoke with uncommon emphasis of his cruelty with regard to Hewit. Such a remonstrance from a beloved child, in so affecting a situation, must have sunk deep in his mind; it was strongly suspected that his conscience took the alarm, and was never at rest from that moment.

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MRS. SUSANNAH PERWICH

WAS the daughter of Robert Perwich, whose wife was a mistress of a very noted boarding school at Hackney, during the Interregnum: she was the admiration of all that knew her, for her accomplishments of body and mind. She had not only that quickness of apprehension, and readiness of elocution, which is natural to her own sex, but a solidity of judgment rarely seen in men: such was the pregnancy of her mind, that, of eight hundred ladies educated at her mother's school, there was not one that ever attained to half her excellence in music, dancing, and those other useful and ornamental qualifications in which ladies are usually educated. Music was so peculiarly adapted to her genius, that she excelled on

several instruments, and was, at about fourteen, well qualified to play any thing on the treble viol in concert at first sight. Lawes, Simpson, Jenkins, and other celebrated masters of music, listened to her with admiration when she sung, or played their compositions or her own. Her name was so well known abroad, that she was frequently visited by foreigners of eminence. But, of all her excellencies, as the author of her life informs us, her piety was the greatest, and her highest qualification was to die the death, as she had lived the life, of a christian, which took place July 3rd, 1661, aged 25. See her life, by John Batchiler, both in prose and verse, with anagrams and acrostics on her name, affixed to which is her portrait, 12mo. 1661.

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## MRS. MARY KIRK

WAS the daughter of George Kirk, Esq. groom of the bed-chamber to Charles II. and sister to Diana Vere, the last Countess of Oxford of that name: she was maid of honour to Queen Catherine, and one of that constellation of beauties which shone at court in the former part of Charles's reign; but she proved a wandering, and at length a fallen star. Other maids of honour were prudent enough to retire into the country to conceal their shame; but she became a mother at Whitehall. When she was in the pride of all her beauty and fame, Sir Richard Vernon, a country gentleman, of about 1500*l.* a year, made his addresses to her, but she rejected his courtship with disdain. Upon his repulse, he retired to his usual seat, forsook his dogs and horses, and abandoned himself to grief and despair. Mr. Thomas Killigrew, of the king's bed-chamber, who was his relation, went to visit this disconsolate lover; and, with a view of curing him of his passion, told him all the circumstances of his mistress's disgrace. He was transported with the most frantic joy at the news, as he now thought her haughtiness sufficiently humbled to listen

to his suit; he renewed his addresses with more ardency than ever, and in a short time she became his wife.

Her conduct was so nice in the marriage state, that she possessed the high esteem of every one; and became a virtuous wife, and mother of many children.

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MRS. CATHERINE CLARKE.

CATHERINE, wife of Mr. Samuel Clarke, the biographer and martyrologist: her husband extols her as an eminent example of piety, meekness, charity, industry, and obedience. He tells us that she never rose from table without making him a curtsey, nor drank to him without bowing; that his word was a law to her, and that she often denied herself to gratify him. He appears to have been as good a husband as she was a wife.

“ They were so one, that none could truly say  
 “ Which did command, or whether did obey;  
 “ He ruled, because she would obey, and she  
 “ In so obeying ruled as well as he.”

She died the 21st of June 1765, having herself, with great composure, first closed her eyes. See her portrait and life in Clark's last folio, 1683.

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SOPHIA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA,

THE daughter of Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover, was born October 20th. 1668; married October 6th. 1686, and died 1705. She was near becoming the queen of Louis XIV. but was given to Frederick, whom she saw, son of an elector, raised to the rank of king. She said “ it vexed her to the heart to go and act in Prussia the theatrical queen along with her *Æsop*. Do not,” says she to Leibnitz, “ imagine that I prefer this pageantry and pomp of crowns, which are



here much esteemed, to the charms of the philosophical entertainments we enjoy at Charlottenburgh." To the offer of receiving a calvinistic priest when dying, she said, no, let me die in peace without disputing; she brought up our queen Caroline, who owed to her much of her inclination to the patronage of the learned. The Royal Academy at Berlin owns Sophia as its founder.

### MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

DR. ALDRICH, dean of Christ Church, was born at Westminster, 1647; he amused his academic leisure with music and poetry: his abilities as a musician rank him, in the opinion of competent judges, among the masters of the science. He composed many services and anthems for the church, and adapted English words to many of the motets of the Italian masters, some of which are frequently sung in our cathedrals as anthems.

He established a musical school in his college, and at his decease bequeathed to it a most capital collection of church music: although he chiefly applied himself to sacred music, yet, being of a cheerful temper, and possessing a fund of humour, he occasionally diverted himself with pieces of a lighter kind: for the entertainment of smokers, to which fraternity he belonged, he composed a smoaking catch, to be sung by four persons while they were smoaking, and he was also the author of "Hark! the bonny Christ church bells:" he died at his college, Oxford, 1710.

ALLEGRI GREGORIO was a musical composer of the 17th century, and a native of Rome; by profession an ecclesiastic, he was a disciple of Nanini, who was cotemporary with Palestrina, and his intimate friend. His abilities as a singer were inconsiderable, yet he was accounted an admirable master of harmony, and so much was he esteemed by all the musical professors of his time, that the pope, in order to

appropriate him to his service, appointed him to be one of the singers of his chapel, in 1629. To his extraordinary merit as a composer of church music, he joined a devout and benevolent disposition, and an excellent moral character; for he not only assisted the poor, by whom his door was usually crowded, to the utmost of his power, but daily visited the prisons of Rome, in order to bestow his alms on the most deserving and distressed objects he could find in them. He set many parts of the church service with such divine simplicity and purity of harmony, that the loss of him was much felt, and sincerely lamented by all the college of singers in the papal service. Among his works preserved that are still in use is the famous *Miserere*, which, for upwards of 170 years, has been annually performed at the pope's chapel in Rome, on Wednesday and Good Friday, in passion week; and which in appearance is so simple as to make those who have only seen it on paper wonder whence its beauty and effect could arise, and which owes its reputation more to the manner in which it is performed, than to the composition; the same music is many times repeated to different works, and the singers have, by tradition, certain customs, expressions, and graces of convention (*certe espressioni e Gruppi*) which produce great effects, such as swelling and diminishing the sounds, altogether accelerating or retarding the measure at some particular words, and singing some entire verses quicker than others. This information was furnished to the author by Signor Santarelli, the pope's Mæstro di Capella, and Andrea Adami asserts, that after several vain attempts by preceding composers for more than one hundred years to set the same words to the satisfaction of the heads of the church, Gregorio Allegri succeeded so well as to merit eternal praise; for, with a few notes well modulated and well understood, he composed such a *Miserere* as will continue to be sung on the same days every year for ages yet to come, and one that is conceived in such just proportions as will astonish future times, and ravish, as at present, the soul of every hearer. However, some of the great effects produced by this piece may perhaps be justly

attributed to the time, place, and solemnity of the ceremonials used during the performance; the pope and conclave are all prostrated on the ground, the candles of the chapel, and the torches of the ballustrade, are extinguished one by one, and the last verse of this psalm is terminated by two choirs, the Mæstro di Capella beating time slower and slower, and the singers diminishing, or rather extinguishing the harmony by little and little to a perfect point. It is likewise performed by select voices, who have frequent rehearsals, particularly on the Monday in passion week, which is wholly spent in repeating and polishing the performance.

This composition used to be held so sacred, that it was imagined excommunication would be the consequence of an attempt to transcribe it.

Padre Martini said, that there was never more than three copies made of it by authority; one of which was for the Emperor Leopold, one for the late King of Prussia, and the other for himself; of this last, he favoured the author with a transcript at Bologna, and Signor Santarelli indulged him with another from the archives of the pope's chapel. Upon collating these two copies, they were found to differ very little from each other.

Before we quit a subject so interesting, we shall add the following anecdote: "The Emperor Leopold I. not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador, at Rome, to intreat the pope to permit him to have a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* of Allegri for the use of the imperial chapel at Vienna, which being granted, a copy was made by the Signor Mæstro of the pope's chapel, and sent to the emperor, who had then in his service some of the first singers of the age; but notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, this composition was so far from answering the expectation of the emperor and his court in the execution, that he concluded the pope's Mæstro de Capella, in order to keep it a mystery, had put a trick upon him, and sent him another composition; upon which, in great wrath, he sent an express to his holiness, with a complaint against

the Mæstro di Capella, which occasioned his immediate disgrace and dismissal from the service of the papal chapel; and in so great a degree was the pope offended at the supposed imposition of his composer, that, for a time, he would neither see him, nor hear his defence. However, at length the poor man got one of the cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint his holiness, that the style of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor taught, nor transmitted to any other place but by example; for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect when performed elsewhere. His holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in different places; however he ordered his Mæstro di Capella to write down his defence, in order to be sent to Vienna, which was done, and the emperor, seeing no other way of gratifying his wishes with respect to this composition, begged of the pope that some of the musicians in the service of his holiness might be sent to Vienna, to instruct those in the service of his chapel how to perform the *miserere* of Allegri, in the same style of expression as in the sistine chapel at Rome, which was granted; but before they arrived, a war broke out with the Turks, which called the emperor from Vienna, and the *miserere* has never yet, perhaps, been truly performed but in the pope's chapel."

With respect to the intrinsic worth of this renowned *miserere* as a musical phenomenon; we know that more sublime compositions have been produced since Allegri's time, by musicians of superior genius; but the words were thought, by the heads of the Romish church, to be set with so much more propriety, reverence, and effect, than by any former ecclesiastical composer whose productions had been allowed admission into the service of the papal chapel during the holy week, that, besides the manner in which it was performed, its merits were perhaps somewhat exaggerated in imagination by the mystery with which it was sedulously preserved from profane examination.



Gregorio Allegri died February 18th, 1652, and was buried in the Chiesa Nuova, before the chapel of St. Filippo Neri, near the altar of Annunciation, where is a vault for the reception of deceased singers belonging to the pope's chapel.

ANTIGENIDES, a musician of antiquity, was a native of Thebes, and son of Satyrus, a celebrated flute player. Antigenides, by means of his father's instruction, became eminent in the same art, in which he soon excelled. Suidas says, he was flute player in ordinary to Philoxenus, and that he accompanied him in the musical airs he had set to his own verses. Pericles invited him to Athens, and committed his nephew, Alcibiades, to his care. Highly, however, as he was esteemed, he regarded public favour as a precarious possession, and was never elated with the applause of the multitude; he endeavoured to inspire his pupils with the same sentiments, and is said to have consoled an eminent performer by saying, "The next time you play, it shall be to *me and the muses*." Antigenides was so fully persuaded of the bad taste of the common people, that one day hearing at a distance a violent burst of applause to a player on the flute, he said, "There must be something very bad in that man's performance, or those people would not be so lavish in their approbation." His innovations extended even to his dress, as he was the first who appeared in a robe of saffron colour and Milesian slippers.

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### THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

PLATO entertained some friends at a dinner in his chamber, in which was a bed, or couch, neatly and costly furnished; when Diogenes came in, and got upon the bed, and trampled on it, saying, "I trample on the pride of Plato." Plato calmly answered, "But with greater pride."

### THE DISCREET MOTHER.

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*To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.*

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN I was young, I had a very strong inclination to do as other girls of my age did, whether right or wrong; this inclination might have been productive of some disagreeable consequences, had not my mother taken a method to cure it which every mother perhaps would not have thought of. We then lived at a distance from the metropolis, but in the vicinity of several genteel families, whom my mother visited, and commonly carried me to the parties which she sometimes joined in.

She paid great attention to my education, and considered the improvement of my morals of more importance than the embellishment of my manners. She seldom permitted me to go any where without her, nor did she ever suffer me to dress myself in the extremity of the fashion, which, by making a woman conspicuous, makes her censurable. In one of the above mentioned families, there were two young ladies about my own age, who were allowed more liberties than my mother thought necessary. She often checked my wishes for less restraint, till at length I became quite indifferent about it, and, by degrees, broke from their society with as much ease and pleasure as always accompanies a self-consciousness of doing right. One day, upon a visit to a family, we found a great deal of company of both sexes, many of them from London, to spend a week or two remarkably gay, and devoted to pleasure. A little dance was soon proposed for the following evening, and one of the gentlemen asked the favour of my hand upon the occasion. I refused it with a blush, for the compliment paid me: he appeared disconcerted at my behaviour, and expressed a wish to know whether I conceived

his offer impertinent, or whether my refusal was owing to a general disinclination to dance. I answered I had no objection to dancing in general, nor to him in particular; but that I feared it might displease my father and mother, on account of the lateness of the hour, and that they would not like to be without me. At this the whole company laughed, and though I was not quite ready to agree with them, I found myself disconcerted at having been obliged to behave with so much singularity. When I came home, my mother soon discovered my chagrin, and begged to know the reason. I was embarrassed at first, yet, as I had been early taught to despise all concealment, I at length freely told her all that had happened, with the impression it made on me. She heard me with a mixture of sorrow and affection: she was sorry to see me, notwithstanding all her precaution, liable to be misled; she beheld me with tenderness, for having been too dutiful to deceive her, and embraced me with her usual fondness, saying, "Come, my dear child, dry up your tears; you are so sincere, and so good a child, that you shall not be made uneasy about trifles. You shall go to this ball, as the lady of the house has invited you. Your uncle also, and your cousins, can escort you there, therefore I will not be too particular, and I hope you will spend a pleasant evening." I thanked my dear mother with tears of joy and gratitude for her consideration of me, and I was so perfectly convinced of the propriety of my own conduct, as well as her extreme indulgence of me, that I never after had the smallest desire to do any thing, even though she were absent, that I conceived might not meet with her thorough approbation.

GRACE LOVETRUTH.

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*Copy of an Original Letter from Jane Shore to Edward  
the Fourth.*

MAY IT PLEAS MY KING AND MASTER,

VOUCHSAFE to stayn thy royal couche with the poor inklings of thy servante and handmaide, whom nathless thou hast most graciously dayned to raise unto thy royal couche, as Abraham did his handmaide Hagar; though I wish not to share her misfortune, and to be driven from my master's presence. Could my pen give a decent coloring to thy unworthy Jane's affection, then might words whichee be the payntyng of thoughts in the true hearte, do justice to the loyal love she beareth unto thy worthy personne.

But how can the black rivulet, which my pen is eager to drinke, be enabled to express in becomynge terms the ocean of love aboundyng in my true hearte. Would to my Saviour that this ocean of love were not troubled with wyndes which blow therein, and rayse the waves of affliction within my moody soul. I am encompassed by three potent enemys; albeit, not the flesh, the world, and the devil; unless Lord Hastings be resembled to the first, for he worketh to withdraw my love from thee, and in thy absence to displace thee from the throne whereon the king is established in my hearte. The royal partner of thy bosom, the queen, may indeed be likened to the world, for she encompasseth me round with spyes, who watche out for my thoughtes; and though I will not be harsh in my thoughte or deed to say, thy noble brother Gloucester bee in any shape like unto the devil, yet do I verily believe he bee more dangerous than the other twain; though he beareth him towardly, there be some, and divers some, that say he wisheth not weil unto thy government, nay unto thy children. Amonge the rest the noble Lord Hastings doubted very much, and wished thee long to reign, in order that thou mayest the better survive to establish the royal issue.

Believe what I write cometh from my true hearte's affection, and wish comfort to the wounded spirit of thy loyal servante,

JANE SHORE.



*A Letter from a Muscovy Girl (just married) to  
her Mother.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I am the most unhappy female in the world; there is nothing I have not done to make my husband love me, but I cannot obtain his love; yesterday I had a thousand household affairs to do; I went abroad all day; I expected at my return that he would beat me severely, but he did not say one word about it. My sister is much otherwise treated; her husband beats her every day; she cannot look at a man but he knocks her down in a moment; they love one another very dearly, and there is the best understanding in the world between them; this it is that makes her so proud; but I will not give her occasion to despise me; I am determined to procure my husband's love, let it cost what it will. I will provoke him, that he must needs give me some proofs of his love. It shall never be said that I was never beaten, and that I lived in the house without ever being thought of. The least slap he gives me, I will cry out with all my might, that the neighbourhood may imagine that all goes well, and I believe, if any of them should come to my assistance, I should strangle them. I beseech you, my dear mother, that you would represent to my husband that he treats me in an unworthy manner; my father, who was a good man, did not carry himself so, and I remember when I was a little girl I thought he sometimes loved you too much. I embrace you, my dear mother.

MONTESQUIEU.

*THE GREEN COAT AND THE BROWN COAT.*

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(Continued from page 189.)

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A VOICE now issued from the apartment; for the partition was so thin, and its apertures so frequent, that every word was distinctly heard. "Whoever you are," said the voice, "come and receive my sad tale, whilst I have breath to tell it; in a few moments my lips will close for ever!" This was articulated in a tone so faint, that there could be no doubt that the person who now uttered it was indeed expiring; and the two friends, in awful silence, entered her apartment. A curtain prevented the fair mourner from seeing them, which the gentleman in Brown gently touched, to inform her that they were present; and it was immediately opened. But the youth in Green, who thought he had had quite enough of dying faces for one morning, turned from the bed, and endeavoured to find more agreeable images in the street, into which the solitary window looked.

The young woman found herself addressed in the softest accents, and every argument of consolation was poured forth before her. "Alas!" said she, "it is all, all too late; and the only comfort I can now taste is, the certainty that I *cannot* live to profit by your goodness. But burden thy memory with my woes, that if, in your journey through life, you should meet with the author of them, he may know the fate of her who once reigned the mistress of his.

"I am by birth an American, the only child of parents far advanced in life; consequently, I was the blessing of their existence. My father was a planter, respected for his riches, and beloved for his goodness. Oh! he was all goodness. How unworthy have I been of such a parent! My youth was passed under his eye, in which period I was instructed in all

the accomplishments which are supposed to give force to beauty. Of beauty too I had my share, and was an object of envy to some of my own sex, whose charms, I could not help thinking, were superior to my own. At the age of seventeen, my father gave me in marriage to a young gentleman of amiable manners, who loved me to distraction. I, alas! was not sensible of passion in any degree in which my husband felt it; but I loved no other, and my innocence made me believe I felt for him all the tenderness my heart was capable of feeling. Oh! why was I ever awakened from the happy error? My father and my husband were both of the loyalist party, and consequently the British officers were treated in *their* houses with particular favour and attention. A few months after our marriage, toward the close of the war, a young soldier, who was said to be of fashion and great fortune in England, found admittance to our table: his manners were so engaging, that after a few visits my husband requested him to reside with us entirely. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and he became one of our family. Oh, how did the hours glide in his society! without, all was anarchy, distress, and war; but within our walls, all was elegance, taste, and pleasure. My husband was never weary of praising his guest, and my heart, unconscious of its error, fluttered with delight at hearing those praises. Alas! sir, how shall I add the rest? by degrees that heart became sensible to its situation, and knew it loved, knew that it madly loved: my husband was often absent; at those periods our guest never. It cannot be necessary that I should now go through all the scenes of seduction and guilt; for seduction and guilt did indeed follow; and I became abandoned to my lover."

Here tears and groans interrupted the dying penitent, who, at length, with many interruptions, continued: "Think not that I became *at once* dead to honour, and to every consideration of duty; slow, though *sure*, was my progress in the road of iniquity; many were my self-upbraidings, numberless my resolutions; but at last the voice of honour and religion was dead in my heart, and love reigned there a ruining conqueror.

I had retired one evening to a summer house, and my lover unexpectedly appeared there; I say unexpectedly; the suddenness of his approach, and the joy which accompanied my surprise, made me neglectful of every thing but him; appearances were against us, when my injured husband entered the apartment.

“A cry of horror was the first intimation we received of his presence. He viewed us without speaking, whilst we remained absolutely motionless on the spot where he first beheld us. His first action was towards his sword; but pausing, and viewing us awhile with mingled rage and grief, he uttered another cry, and fled through the garden with incredible swiftness. This was the last moment in which I ever saw my husband! We remained long in the fatal summer house, not knowing what steps to pursue. The sense of my guilt overpowered me, and I felt that happiness had deservedly left me for ever. At length I ventured to return to the house; I asked the servants with my eyes what was become of their master, but with my lips I dared not articulate his name. The servants did not seem to be conscious that any extraordinary event had happened, and all things appeared in their usual state of composure. Thus the night passed, and three succeeding days and nights, in all which time I neither heard of my husband, nor of the man who had usurped his rights. This frightful calm was at length broken in upon—and by a tempest.

“On the fourth morning my father, my dear father, entered my apartment, with a countenance that expressed unusual sorrow. He took my hand, however, with the utmost tenderness, and by the softness of his tones removed the terror which had seized me on his appearance. He told me he had a deep affliction to prepare me for; and endeavoured to fortify my mind with every argument of religion and submission before he revealed it. In this dreadful suspense, I uttered not a word; my mind was stretched with horrid expectation. At length the millstone crushed me: he informed me that three days before, my husband had joined the rebel army; that an engagement had taken place, and that he was one of



the first victims of the battle. The effect this intelligence had on me was scarcely short of madness. I did not weep, but I grew furious.—I called myself my husband's murderer; demanded justice on myself; and talked of circumstances which, though true, passed on those about me as the effect of sudden frenzy. These violent perturbations ended in a fever, from which it was my punishment to recover. With shame I acknowledge that, as my health returned, my passion revived. I now considered myself at liberty, and had no doubt but my tender, passionate lover panted for the hour in which he could throw himself at my feet, and recompense all my sufferings by uniting himself to me for ever; the days and weeks wore on, and he appeared not. At first I considered him as a sacrifice to decorum; but at the end of two months I could no longer resist enquiring of a lady who visited in my chamber, when she had seen the object of all my thoughts. She answered with great unconcern, that he had been hardly seen at all for the last month; for that he was so devoted to Mrs. Iliff, whose husband was in England, that he never spent an hour out of her house; that he boasted every where of his passion, and of his happiness; and had told his friends, he doated on her to such distraction, that for her sake he had resolved to give up his country, and his profession, and become an American planter.

"How long my friend might have continued in this interesting detail I know not, had not my suddenly falling senseless at her feet shocked her into silence. She had discernment, and perhaps guessed, in some measure, the cause of so strong an emotion. Urged, therefore, either by her prudence or her curiosity, she called no assistance, but endeavoured to recall me to the recollection of my miseries by the common methods. On awakening from the fainting, I found my head reposed on her bosom, and her tears bedewing my face. This tenderness unlocked my whole soul; my woes were too poignant to admit of concealment, and they were all poured out before her.

"My failing spirits," said the sad narrator, "will not permit me to continue in a thread. I must pass over many events

to tell you that this friend prevailed on me to accompany her to England. Her husband was a loyalist; mine had been so, and the rebels made this a pretext to rob me of all my possessions—too light a punishment for crimes so deep! I left America without daring to mention such a design to my father. I could not bear to stab him with the intelligence, and I could bear still less to remain on a spot where every object kept my dishonour and wretchedness alive; yet I wrote to him from the first post, and confessed all my criminality, with a view to make his mind yield to the propriety of my absence, and to lessen his regrets for the loss of a child whom he could no longer think an object of his love.

“On our arrival in England, my friends carried me into a northern county, where I resided with them about two years in tolerable tranquillity. My tears were frequently poured out before the Almighty for my past offences; but they were tears that always left me more peaceful and serene: this quiet state was at length interrupted by the passion of the man in whose protection I lived. My friend had unwisely informed her husband of my former guilt, and he received the intelligence with a malicious pleasure: he considered now, that I had no *right* to defend myself from his addresses on principles of honour, having once outraged them, and had the cruelty to inform me so. On my expressing horror at such a declaration, he had the brutality to add, that my affected niceness was an ill return to his benevolence in having so long supported me, and that if I chose to cherish such ungrateful sentiments, it must be under some other roof.

“*His* roof I instantly quitted, though a stranger in the kingdom, and known to no human being in it out of the little village in which we resided; but to remain *there*, would have been as though I did not wish to fly from the enemy who pursued me, and I surely owed it to his wife to leave a situation in which I was every hour exposed to the danger of his visits. A stage, which passed at the instant of these cogitations, offered me relief; it was in Winter, and there was not a creature in it; which gloomy circumstance was to

me a desirable one, for it gave me the leisure of two hundred miles, to ponder over my sorrows, and to consider of my future fate. The bitterness of these reflections so overpowered me, that when the coach arrived in London, I was so ill as to seem to the people of the inn in a dying state: I bless heaven they were right. The coachman recommended me to this house, kept by his relation, as he informed me. I delivered my purse to the mistress of it, who for a fortnight gave me some attendance, but since that period she has kindly left me a prey to my disorder, which will presently"—“Unfeeling wretch!” exclaimed the youth, who had till now seemed attentive only to what passed in the street, though the restlessness of his motions, and now and then a heavy sigh, gave his friend room to suspect him of more tenderness and compassion than was thought to belong to his character. The sudden force of this execration had a visible effect on the dying lady; but neither she, nor the gentleman who had been listening to her pathetic tale, had time to notice it, for the door instantly opened, and divulged the venerable patient whom they had first visited. The nurse tottered beneath his weight, whilst, with ghastly eyes, he surveyed the lovely creature—lovely even though now on the threshold of death. He stretched his arms towards her, uttered a deep cry, and falling on the bed, expired.

“My father! my father!” exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands with a wild air, and bending over the corpse, “but I shall join thee—my woes are at an end.”

“Yes, *thy* woes are at an end!” said the youth, who now turned from the window, “*thy* woes are over! But, oh Caroline, where will end the anguish which now seizes my soul? Behold the author of all thy afflictions! thy husband’s murderer—thy murderer—and the murderer of thy father!” The female started from her father’s corpse; she fixed her eyes on him for a moment with the most dreadful expression, and essayed to speak; but death had already rendered rigid the organs of utterance—his chill hand was on her heart—she struggled for a moment, and then, without having uttered a sound, sunk dead on her pillow!

Pause here, and behold the two friends, both young, both equally the favourites of health and fortune. They had arisen in the morning fresh as the sun, when through the portals of the East he first elances his golden beams. The day was before them; their actions were to be chosen; one of them passed its opening hours in indolence, in folly, in vapidty, and expence; the hour of noon beholds him a conscious murderer, an accumulator of crimes, a wretch bowed down with the sense of his iniquities. The other began his day like a favourite son of heaven; his heart was filled with benevolence; wherever he trod, his steps, like the steps of the spring, gave hope, and joy, and consolation;---having feasted his mind with its own beneficence, he retires from the woes he has contributed to lessen; he is prepared to *taste* the pleasures which lay before him, to *refine* them, and to possess them with a zest of which the pallid libertine can form no idea. He is indeed an epicure, a voluptuary of the first order.

*Ye sons of Pleasure, copy the Portrait.*

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#### BON MOT.

THE celebrated Lord Chesterfield was once at a rout in France, when Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies; Voltaire accosted him,—“My Lord, I know you are a judge of beautiful women; which are the most gifted by nature, the English or French ladies?” “Upon my word,” replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, “I am no connoisseur of paintings.” Some time after this, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a Nobleman's party with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company prodigiously painted directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation; Chesterfield came up, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, “Sir, take care you are not captivated.” “My lord,” replied the French wit, “I scorn to be taken by an English frigate under French colours.”



## THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XI.

"Impressed as I am with a full conviction of the difficulties attendant on the practice of painting, I cannot but feel it also my duty to caution every one who hears me against entering into it from idleness or other improper motives, and with inadequate views of the subject, as they will thereby only run a risk of entailing misery and disgrace on themselves and connexions, during the rest of their lives."

OPIE'S LECTURES.

The following Letter, received last month, seems so properly to paint the misery of its author, that I cannot resist complying with her wishes.

DEAR MR. GOSSIPER,

AS you profess to feel so much compassion for your fellow creatures, allow a disappointed mother to pour out to you her anguish, and to abate some of the poignancy of her feelings for a darling son, who is now lost to all happiness, from the pride of his heart, and the want of resolution to exert those faculties which providence has allotted him. I am the disconsolate widow of a Painter and Glazier, and to do my dear departed husband justice, he left no means untried to make us comfortable; but having but little money to spare, we were obliged to bring up an only son to his business. Heaven knows with what fears I first sent him out into the world; yet I suffered not my terrors of his falling from his *machine* into an area, or perhaps the fumes of white lead to end his existence prematurely, to retard his rising in the only way which fate presented. To tell you, Sir, how delighted I was when I first tied on his little white apron, I am a afraid

would seem impertinent; but I shall ever remember the joy depicted on my poor dear husband's face on being presented by his son with the first shilling he had earned, when he had put in his first pane of glass at the parish workhouse.

He smiled at my fear of danger, and for some time, in industry and cleverness, he kept pace with our most fervent wishes, but he was yet young, and as his father, though not an ignorant, was an unlearned man, he suffered his son to associate with our foreman, who was higher than many in his profession. I have heard my husband say, no one could *marble* better than Thomas, or imitate fancy woods or gilding in better taste; he could also paint letters, a branch which we could not then practise without him; he was necessary to my poor Reuben, who has now been dead these eight years, leaving me a poor lone woman, subject to a thousand impositions; but to continue: Thomas was reckoned a bit of a *genus*; Oh, Mr. Gossiper, how I hate that name, for I am sure since that word was heard in our house, I have not paid my oil-man half the money for turpentine I was used to do. Thomas could draw, he was allowed to paint a red cow better than any one; but my son soon rivalled him; his cows, people said, looked more like nature. Thomas could only paint cows, but my boy soon learnt to draw to the *life*, red lions, pestles and mortars, muffins and crumpets, till at length, he got an order for a green-man, for which his cousin, at Watford, offered to pay him ready-money, and he in return was to devote to it, he said, all his *talent*; I am free to declare it was a beautiful painting, such nice red cheeks, Mr. Gossiper, and such a fine blue-sky to this green-man; but, alas! sir, to this green-man do I date all my misfortunes: it was much admired in the town it was destined to ornament, and my son received these praises as only due to his abilities: he now declared that he was *chalked* out for a higher walk in life: man he said came into the world like a lump of putty, which, moulded by genius, must rise; in short, sir, he soon disdained his trade, which had nearly deserted us, and with tears in my eyes, I was obliged to intercede with Tom, to return at an increased

salary. My son now talked of nothing but art, colouring, feeling, and something *obscur*o: he bought a parcel of naked men and women in chalk. In short, sir, he so filled his bedroom with these unsightly figures, that my servant Betty declared, she would no longer enter to make his bed. This, sir, is not the worst of it; he has got acquainted with a man at some great house in the Strand, where there are a great number of these images as large, I am told, as life; and there he goes to study, as he calls it, but to study what? I blush to tell it; would you believe it, sir? a naughty woman sits in a large room for people to draw her, and this he calls his living model; a pretty model truly for my son to copy: thus, sir, you see how much his morals too are in danger. I confess, Mr. Gossiper, I kept my thoughts for a long time to myself, for the word genius always stopped my complaints; and my boy, at every pound he extracted from me, talked so highly of his powers, and catching the style of *Raffal*, or some other hard gentleman's name; of his pecuniary hopes, and what fine things he would do when he was an R. A. I suppose he meant the Radcliffe Association, for he was not a volunteer yet. I used to be very vexed with him for not painting something out of his own head, instead of which, he said, all his pictures were *after* one Mr. *Fuzelley*, or Michael *Hangello*, the former of which, he said, was his particular friend; but I never heard that Mr. Michael ever spoke to him. Sir, I am not, it is true, a judge of painting, but it always gave me the pins and needles to see my boy's figures; they all looked as if they had the cramp in their fingers and great toes; besides, they grinned in such a ghastly manner on our staircase, which he has painted, that my little daughter Fanny is afraid to go up to bed by candle light; besides this, my rooms are ever in a litter, and he takes my shawls and gowns to make *Guy Fores* to paint after. All this I have borne till now with some degree of patience; but I see nothing but ruin approaching him; no one will buy his pictures, and no society will reward him; he says, they are too good for the world, too high for their comprehension; I am sure they are for mine.

His genius, he says, is thrown away: he has taken his works to the great house in the Strand, where they give gold medals, which I have found is an academy; but here, he said, they were jealous of his fame; talked about hanging a committee, and other incoherences. Thus our rooms are filled with canvass, and Tom gaining by our business. Instead of my son being, as he once was, a sprightly lad, he is now quite a mope, and sometimes, I am afraid, a little cracked; preaches about Ossian, and calling spirits from some deep; says he will punish the world; that he is as ill used as one Barry, and that he will die some day like Rembrandt, because people never encourage living merit. The fact is, that I fear my poor child has mistaken his abilities; for I have a letter from Mr. Caustic, which he gave Tom, after he had put up some painted glass in his study, to tell me, ruination will be the lot of my son, if he does not return to putty and lead: he tells me very charitably, that my boy is a wretched dauber, without an idea of colouring; this must be wrong, when his father was a painter; with regard to his knowledge of *notomy*, why I always thought that was only for 'pothecaries; in a word, that he has neither industry nor talent; that he would have got him a place at some great marquis's, if he had applied as he told him; but that he believes he will never be able to put in a back-ground, and begs I would make him return to his shop. But, sir, all I say will, I know, be useless; therefore what I request is, Mr. Gossiper, that you will insert this and some remarks that may save my poor boy from misery; and pray inform Mr. *Michal Angelo*, and Mr. *Carrawagge*, of the cruelty of inducing poor youths to leave a good trade, particularly when they cannot paint pretty faces; but are only fit, with my poor boy, to be, as Mr. Caustic says, hobgoblin painters to the devil. Should you, sir, bring my poor boy to reason, or save him from perdition, he shall clean your windows for nothing; and I shall ever remain,

Dear Mr. Gossiper,

Your grateful humble servant,

C.

ANGELICA CASEMENT.



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*REVIEW of FEMALE LITERATURE.*

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*Temper, a Tale, in three Vols. by Mrs. Opie. Published by Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Browne, 1812.*

Mrs. Opie will increase the reputation she has so deservedly acquired by her present production. The fair Author has, in this work, exemplified the influence of Temper upon various characters under the various circumstances of discipline, want of discipline, and trying situations; the effect is to ameliorate and improve the heart, temper, and understanding. There is a chasteness in the language, a self-command, a propriety and unaffectedness, in all that is said and done by the prominent characters, intended for examples and imitation, that impresses us with great respect and veneration for them.

The first character, Agatha Torrington, exhibits all the dire effects, from infancy to age, of an ill-governed temper, both as it affects her conduct, and the disasters of her life, originating in and proceeding from the over indulgence of a weak and fond parent. Agatha is drawn with life, spirit, and fidelity; in her misfortunes, the consequence of unbridled temper, which are truly pitiable, she discovers many noble and amiable qualities; and the catastrophe of her life is extremely tragic and affecting. She marries, against her mother's consent, to a stranger, who, after the birth of a daughter, named Emma, and having squandered her property, treats her with neglect, and she discovers that he is attempting to deceive and marry another woman for her fortune, to relieve his present wants. Agatha, with her infant daughter, flies from his roof; and the villain, her husband, to prevent her having the protection of her mother, contrives to have the register of their marriage torn from the parish register book, and to make her parent believe that her daughter, his wife,

has not been married to him, and is abandoned and worthless. The mother becomes exasperated against her child, refuses to read her letters; and hence an infinity of woe, which terminates only with the existence of the unfortunate sufferer.

Agatha, in the climax of her misery and misfortunes, meditates her own and child's destruction; on this subject, our author says, "There is little doubt that suicides have been often, very often, occasioned merely by the vindictive wish of planting an everlasting thorn in the breast of the parent, the lover, the mistress, the wife, or the husband, whose conduct has, in the opinion of the weak sufferer, the slave of an ill-governed temper, excited the terrible cravings of a vicious resentment. Sure is it, that Temper, like the unseen but busy subterranean fires in the bosom of a volcano, is always at work where it has once gained an existence, and is for ever threatening to explode, and scatter ruin and desolation around it. Parents, beware how you omit to check the first evidences of its empire in your children; and *tremble*, lest the powerless hand, which is only lifted in childless anger against you, should, if its impotent fury remains uncorrected, in future life, be armed with more destructive fury against its own existence, or that of a fellow creature!"

This part of the tale gives occasion for the introduction of two most benevolent persons, Mr. and Mrs. Orwell, whose example, we cannot help regretting, is not more frequently to be found in real life.

We shall anticipate no more; much depends upon the difficulty of proving this marriage; and the fate of Agatha's only daughter, Emma, the heroine of the work, is, in consequence, frequently held in doubtful suspense.

Your interest in the life of Agatha, which is concluded before you have read half the first volume, is so strongly excited, that, unfortunately, it is considerably diminished for the remainder of the tale, till you arrive at the third and last volume; and yet this defect, if defect it can be called, appears to be almost unavoidable, from the necessity of contrasting this character with that of her daughter, Emma, who, with the

same strong passions as her mother, under the more happy auspices and instructions of an amiable and intelligent instructor, Mr. Egerton, displays the effects of a well-regulated temper and conduct.

Whenever Mr. Egerton speaks, instruction drops from his lips: he says, "I consider Temper as one of the most busy and universal agents in all human actions. Philosophers believe that the electric fluid, though invisible, is every where in the physical world; so I believe that Temper is equally at work, though sometimes unseen, except in its effects, in the moral world. Perhaps nothing is rarer than a single motive; almost all our motives are compound; and if we examine our own hearts and actions with that accuracy and diffidence which become us as finite and responsible beings, we shall find that, of our motives to bad actions, Temper is very often a principal ingredient, and that it is not unfrequently one incitement to a good one. I am also convinced," added he, "that the crimes, both of private individuals and of sovereigns, are to be traced up to an uncorrected and uneducated temper as their source."

St. Aubin, who becomes enamoured of Emma, is a highly finished portrait: his forbearance, his filial piety, his exemplary conduct, as a son, a friend, a lover, and a man, are admirable lessons.

The story is carried on with the aid of sundry inferior personages; and Mr. Hargrave, a rich and over-bearing uncle, Mrs. Felton, a coquette, Varley, a coxcomb, and Peter Stokes, a blunt, purse-proud man, are ably introduced and contrasted with Mr. Egerton, and his two amiable pupils.

In the last volume, the actors are transported to Paris, and many intelligent remarks, and much curious and entertaining information are given, concerning this grand theatre, of the most important events which have happened within this last century, and for many centuries previous.

After visiting the Museum of Ancient Monuments, in the Rue des Petits Augustins, our travellers reached the gardens of Elysium, where, among other statues, tombs, and urns of great men, judged worthy of having their names and actions

recorded on monumental marble, is placed the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa; which gives rise to different sensations in the different spectators. Emma observes on this occasion, "When Mr. Egerton first read aloud to me the poem of these renowned and unfortunate lovers, I was charmed by the beauty of the verse, and interested for the sorrow that it expressed; but when I found that it was the sorrow of unlawful love, and not a virtuous wife separated by force from a virtuous and beloved husband, and that the writer was a woman not ashamed of her error, but glorying in it, and preferring the title of mistress to that of wife, while the poet had only given more power and notoriety to her own profligate prose by clothing it in the most seducing poetical language, I lost the deep interest I originally felt for the eloquent nun, and can, I confess to you, gaze on this tomb with as much indifference nearly as on that of the mistress of Henry the Second."

We earnestly recommend this publication to the perusal of our fair readers; and are confident they will reap both pleasure and improvement from it. Temper, like all Mrs. Opie's works, is superior to most of the kind; it strikes at the root of an evil which destroys the happiness of society; and, if circulated widely, cannot fail to be of general utility

P.

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### STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA.

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#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

ON Easter Monday, Miss S. Booth made her first appearance in *Juliet*. The galleries, as is common on holiday evenings, were very noisy, and destroyed much of the effect of the performance. Miss S. Booth has a just conception of the part; her soft, plaintive, and musical tones are well adapted to it; and we saw but little to censure, except in her action, which, on account of the smallness of her figure, requires more



attention; indeed her action should be somewhat different to that of a taller figure; but she will soon improve by study, properly directed, and experience. We have rarely witnessed a better performance of this character: in the love scenes, she evinced much animation; and her soliloquy, previous to drinking the sleeping potion, and her gradual recovery in her lover's arms, were most impressive. Her *fort* is certainly *les Jeunes Amoureuses*.

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LYCEUM.

A NEW comedy, *The Sons of Erin, or Modern Sentiment*, has been performed at this theatre with great applause. Though there is but little originality in this piece, the dialogue is chaste and animated; the characters well defined; the plot not improbable; but what gives it a higher stamp is—that it possesses a direct moral tendency, (the want of which is one of the greatest defects of most of our modern comedies,) that of removing the prejudices of our countrymen against their warm-hearted, generous, and brave brethren, the Irish; and, from its reception, there can be no doubt of its producing the desired effect. The character of *Mr. Oddly* is eccentric, and has more novelty than any other; he is blunt, plain, and good-hearted; with strong prejudices, not merely national, but against the whims, caprices, and *outré* manners and life of the fashionable of his own country: his bluntness and eccentricity are well opposed to the affected lady-like absurdities of his niece, Mrs. Rivers, and furnishes him occasion for many striking and humourous remarks.

We should have been happy to have given an outline of the plot; but are confined for want of room. The characters were all well sustained; but we have pleasure in particularising *Miss Duncan*, *Mr. Johnstone*, and *Mr. Dowton*; to the last gentleman, the author is highly indebted for the life and energy he infused into the character of *Oddly*; and indeed to the support he has given to the comedy altogether. P.

*The Mirror of Fashion,*

FOR MAY 1812.

*The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook Street.*

WE promised last month that this department of our Museum should rise in the scale of merit; how far we have fulfilled that promise the public have now an opportunity of judging. We wish not to raise our own work by depreciating others; but we dare rival publications of this nature to produce *better* executed figures than our own; more correct fashions, we are certain, were never submitted to the public eye.

*Morning Dress.*—A white muslin gown, with a rich lace or worked front; over which is a *négligé* pelisse of azure blue sarsnet, lined with white silk, made low in the back; the pelisse is trimmed with white fringe; bonnet of white chip, with a light blue feather, the hair dressed full on one side, and shoes of blue; drop ear-rings of coral; gloves of York tan.

*Evening Dress.*—A real Andalusian dress, formed of a bodice of pink or rose-coloured velvet, with a puff sleeve of white satin; the rest of the dress being of the same material, and edged at bottom *à la Vandyke*, and ornamented with tab fringe: the bodice is terminated in a jacket behind, and edged with the same fringe as the dress; the stomacher crossed with white lacing, or braid, fastened at each lacing with a diamond, or paste button; ridicule of rose or pink coloured velvet; white gloves, and shoes of white, with the quarters the colour of the bodice; ear-rings of plain pearl. The Sévigné curl is the most predominant fashion for the head dress.

*General Remarks.*—The ridicule is no longer worn, except at the evening party; and the *demi-botte*, with gold fringe, is nearly exploded, from its inconvenience; it catches at the dress, and causes the leg to be shewn in an indecorous and inelegant manner.





MORNING DRESS.

*Published for the Proprietors, MAY 1.*





AFTERNOON DRESS.



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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

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STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIENDS MR. G-----E B----- AND MISS W-----,

ON THEIR APPROACHING NUPTIALS,

By J. M. LACEY,

*Author of the Farm-House, and other Poems.*

**T**HERE is an hour in life's long round  
Which grasps within its little bound  
The rest of life's sweet peace ;  
It either makes a heav'n on earth,  
Or gives to bitter discord birth,  
And bids our pleasures cease.

Soon as this short, this wond'rous hour,  
Has spread around its mystic pow'r,  
No medium marks our lot ;  
It must be all a life of joy,  
Or fill'd with strife's unblest alloy,  
In castle or in cot.

I mean the hour when sacred rite  
Heart unto heart doth so unite,  
That death should but divide :—  
Oh ! what a change that hour brings forth,  
When virtuous woman yields her worth  
To man,—of men the pride.

Then are their after hours so blest,  
That life before seem'd wanting zest,  
'Twas dull, 'twas cheerless all !  
For unshar'd pleasures please not much,  
And woes unshar'd with keener touch  
Invade at sorrow's call !

But when a partner we can find,  
Who, with a constant, equal mind,  
Our joy or grief will share ;  
The pleasure doubles, whilst the grief,  
Sooth'd by that partner's sweet relief,  
Loses one half its care.

The man, amid the busy throng,  
Mixes with worldly men among,  
And disappointments rise ;  
But he at night can spread his arms  
Around his wife's bewitching charms,  
And pleasure fills his eyes.

He then forgets his worldly cares ;  
Or if a deeper woe he wears,  
To fill his soul with pain ;  
No breast so soft, so kind, so dear,  
As woman's ! whose commingling tear  
Will bring him peace again.

And should the wedded female find  
Insulting vice dare wound her mind,  
Then is her partner nigh ;  
His rougher breast her home is found,  
His arm flings sure protection round,  
And checks her anxious sigh.

My friends, be yours a lot like this ;  
May ev'ry soft connubial bliss  
Still hover o'er each form ;  
Far from your home be ev'ry strife,  
And far, that worst of woes in life,  
Adversity's wild storm !



George, be it thine to shield from care  
Thy chosen one, her features fair  
Grief's tear should never see ;  
Far from her keep the fiend-like train  
Of want, and wickedness, and pain,  
And joy will wait on thee.

For, oh ! thou know'st not yet the bliss  
That hangs on wedded woman's kiss,  
That dearest pledge of peace ;  
Nor dost thou know, nor canst thou guess,  
The thousand tender ties that bless,  
When single life shall cease.

Thy trifling woes the world would scorn,  
But turn to home,—the rankling thorn  
Attentive woman draws ;  
Comforts unask'd, unlook'd for come,  
To render dearer still that home,  
And all its little laws !

Should illness seize thee, where's the breast  
Could pillow thee to balmy rest  
With half so sweet a charm ;  
Whose eye would watch thee with such care,  
When soothing sleep 'twas thine to share,  
To shield thee from alarm.

And gentle fair one ! be it thine  
To make thy home a sort of shrine,  
A dear, a sacred place !  
Then will thy husband worship there,  
Thyself the goddess, kind and fair,  
Dispensing ev'ry grace !

My friends, this wish shall end my song,  
' Be happy while ye live, and long  
May life remain to bless :'  
Of wishes still I have a store,  
But, ah ! I could not wish ye more,  
And would not wish ye less !

*Feb. 29th, 1812.*

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*LINES*

WRITTEN DURING A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT.

OH ! for the toiling mariner that now,  
Rock'd in his lonely bark o'er distant wave,  
Hears dreadful round th' ungovernable prow  
The hoarse surge dashing, and the tempest rave !  
Ill-fated wretch ! at troubled hour like this,  
While shelter'd thousands calmly sink to sleep,  
For him terrific, thro' the vast abyss,  
What horrors mingle, and what dangers sweep !  
The yelling demons of the midnight storm  
Howl in his frightened ear the fun'ral blast ;  
And hideous bursting o'er his helpless form,  
The yawning billow whelms the shiv'ring mast.  
All-Gracious Heav'n ! diffuse thy mercy there,  
To thee his hands are clasp'd, to thee ascends his pray'r !

OSCAR.

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*TO AGNES.*

TO thee, fair stranger ! yet my heart once more  
Its joyous gratitude would fondly bring ;  
Again to thee my simple muse would pour  
The votive incense of the tuneful string.  
Well may I thank thee for the gen'rous praise  
That flow'd spontaneous in thy dulcet line,  
And well may boast the tributary lays  
That deck'd such humble minstrelsy as mine.  
Nor chide my proud emotions, as the stream  
Of vivid rapture wakes a transport dear ;  
And if indeed too bold my verse may seem,  
Officious thus to court thy list'ning ear,  
Forgive the fault my erring lyre has shown,  
And blame the magic sweetness of thy own !

*April.*

OSCAR.

## TRANSLATION

OF A FRENCH AIR, IN CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD, VOL. I. PAGE 66.

By ABRAHAM STOCK, Esq.

AS Julia stray'd one morning in a grove,  
Upon a turf she threw her languid frame ;  
In pride of youth, she thought of mighty love,  
Yet knew not of the urchin but by name ;  
Of that name she sought the sense ;  
Fear'd, yet wish'd to know the boy ;  
Say, thou calm indifference,  
Art thou grief, or art thou joy ?

In every thing I see, love rules supreme ;  
All, all, it animates, except my heart ;  
Around, above me, 'tis the general theme,  
Then surely happiness he must impart.  
Can I doubt his preference,  
Where all seems bliss without alloy ?  
Fly, thou calm indifference !  
Thou more of grief art than of joy.

See on the parterre, fann'd by zephyr's gale,  
The wanton butterfly the nectar sips ;  
See him from every flow'r the sweets inhale,  
Now kisses this, now riots on their lips.  
Is love then only a pretence  
To warm the mind, and then to cloy ?  
If so, my calm indifference,  
Thou art less of grief than joy.

I've oftimes seen a fickle shepherd wear  
His smiles and flatteries but to deceive ;  
Then leave the maiden to the canker care,  
With sighs and tears, that she should e'er believe.  
I laugh, I sing ; care, hie thee hence ;  
No anxious thoughts my mind employ ;  
Then welcome calm indifference,  
In thee shall centre all my joy.

---

Thus sung the shepherdess, with jocund heart,  
 Alas! too confident; the vengeful youth,  
 Hearing the vow, drew forth his pow'rful dart,  
 Then bade her prove the fascinating truth;  
 Julia be no longer coy,  
 Confess the god, and own his flame,  
 Learn that love alone is joy;  
 Indifference an *empty name*.

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#### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BOOKS, intended for our Review, must be sent to our publishers as early as possible.

To the great quantity and pressure of poetical matter, our correspondents must attribute the length of time that elapses before many of their productions are inserted.

It is with regret we decline "The Battle;" it is too long for our miscellany, and better calculated for a Gentleman's Magazine; but we hope to receive some shorter communications from the same gentleman, whose flowers have so often ornamented our Appollonian Wreath.

On referring to our Museum for March, we find the French lines, to which Alphonso alludes, are there translated by our correspondent Oscar; Alphonso however has our thanks.

One of Louisa's effusions will appear in our next.

Mr. J. M. Lacey will see his favour inserted; it was only deferred to make room for prior claims; his other effusion will appear in our next; we value him too much as a correspondent to slight his favours.

Oscar and N. T. are under consideration.

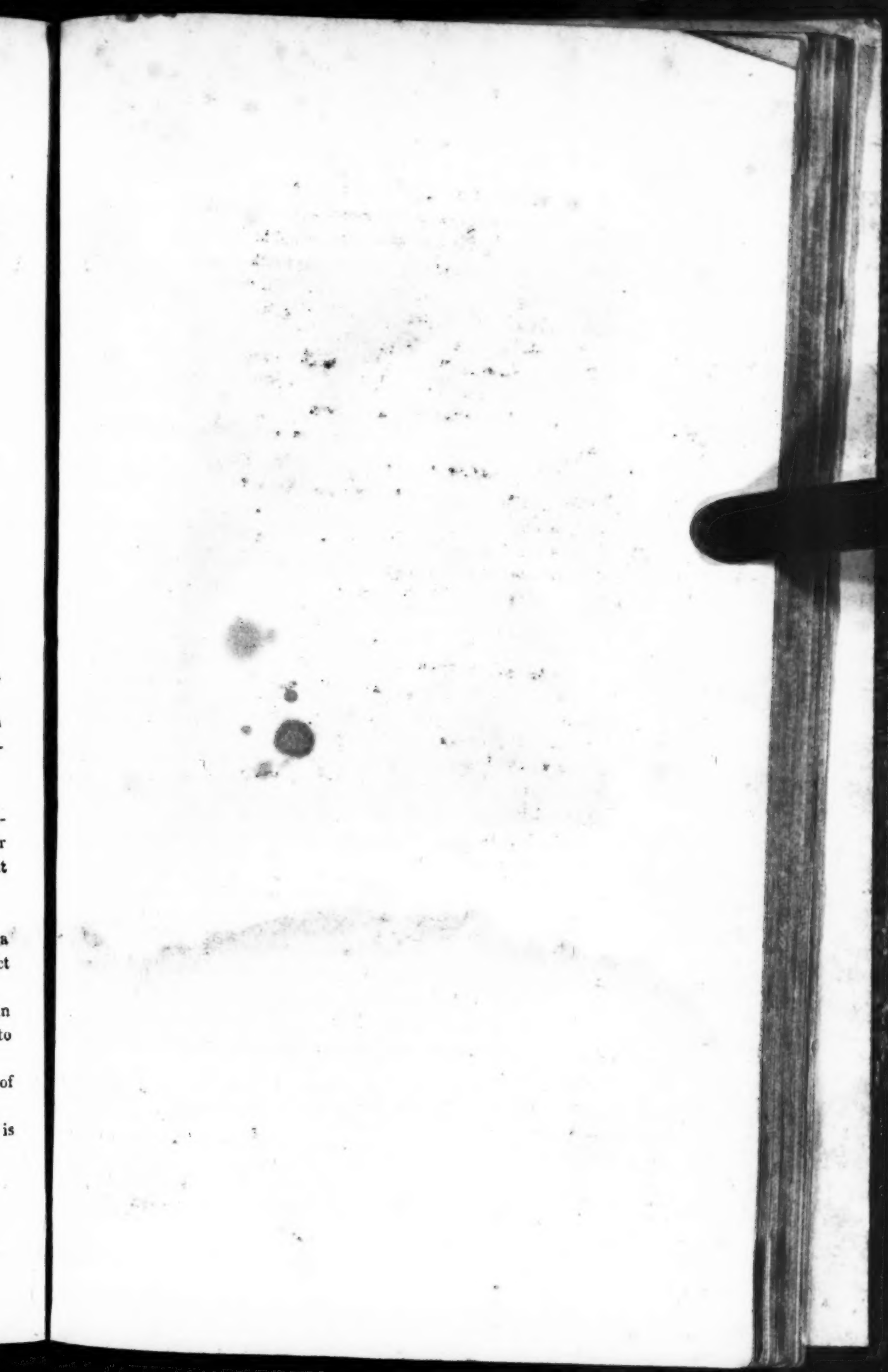
The Enigma Lines to an Absent Friend; Betty Amlett; to a Wedding Ring; The Snow drop; Sonnets, &c. are too incorrect for insertion.

Why will not *some* of our poetic friends turn their ideas into plain prose? we are certain that many of them would be more likely to prove successful.

In our next, we hope to present our friends with a fine Portrait of Miss KELLY, of the Lyceum.

We have only time to inform Cleofas that his communication is received, and shall be attended to.







Painted by Foster.

Engraved by Heywood.

**MISS F. M. KELLY.**

*Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe, Stationers, London.*